Stratford (T.) 11630. b. 1/6

The FIRST BOOK of

The World, most unnaturally, never called for the Publication of the remaining Eight Books: all of which were shewn to me by their Eccentric Author; together with a Version into Greek of the first Book of the Paradise Lost.

FONTENOY,

A POEM,

IN NINE BOOKS.

By the Revd. Dr. Stratford.

Let us be back'd with GOD, and with the Seas,
Which HE hath given for Fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourſelves.
In them, and in ourſelves, our ſafety lies. SHAKESPEAR.

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A POEM.

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ESSAY.

So very ſlender a circumſtance, as a marginal remark, in a periodical paper, on Voltaire's cowardly attack upon the Engliſh, in his poem on the battle of Fontenoy, ſuggeſted the firſt idea of the following Work; the original deſign of which was merely a vindication, in a ſhort eſſay, of the honour of our countrymen, whoſe heroiſm in that fatal conteſt was never exceeded, perhaps equalled, by any Nation, the moſt renowned in ſtory for military atchievements—from Thermopylæ to Fontenoy.

However unpromiſing at firſt view the ſurface appeared, yet Time diſcovered the richeſt mine of political treaſure. For as Homer, by demonſtrating the miſeries, which flow from diſunion, the more powerfully evineed the neceſſity of concord in a State; ſo the Author, by unmaſking the ruin, inſeparable from a land-war, though ever ſo ſplendid, was equally enabled to point out the infatuation of cruſading to the Continent from our native

element, the ſea, which alone ought to be the grand, the primary object of the ambition of a commercial people. Even thunder, when divided, is weakened.

A ſingle ſugar-cane is of more real value to England, than all her barren laurels from the days of Chivalry to the black æra of ſober ſyſtematic Madneſs, which entailed that original ſin, the national debt, on Poſterity.

Although the Author was well aware of the inſuperable difficulties, which neceſſarily cramp a ſubject, ſo very recent indeed, that all the ſources of invention muſt in a great meaſure be obſtructed; he yet ſacrificed whatever advantages Poetry might derive from the more remote periods of Engliſh hiſtory to the poſſibility of rendering ſervice to his Country by the deeper impreſſion, which probably might be made by ſo well-known, ſo fatal an event. From the ſame principle he adventured into the regions of Machinery, in which hazardous attempt he was the more emboldened to perſevere, as he could by this means the better judge, what future uſe might be made of ſo dignified a ſyſtem, as the miniſtry

of

of angels, in a work, which he once deſigned to have executed on the model of the Epopœa, the hero of which was to have been the immortal Alfred. Another incentive to ſo bold an enterprize was, the additional ſplendour, which even the native radiance of truth, as well political, as religious, would derive from beings, ſo auguſt; whoſe interpoſition in human affairs muſt, if properly conducted, as much tranſcend what once was called the divine enthuſiaſm of Antiquity, as the ſublime ſyſtem of Chriſtianity, that ſun, which hath ariſen in glory, doth ſurpaſs the mean taper of Pagan Mythology.

It is a mark of the cold correctneſs of modern times to affirm, that Genius blazed, like a beacon, only in the darkneſs of Superſtition, for that all the golden viſions of Fancy vaniſhed before the living light of the Goſpel. Toto cœlo from truth, however accurate at localizing, and honeſt in meaſuring Genius by time, our ſworn appraiſers of merit. For the luſtre of the Chriſtian Religion, that glorious beacon indeed, erected by OMNIPOTENCE to diſperſe all clouds of error from the mind, hath diſcovered ſuch worlds, that the imaginations of

Homer

Homer and Virgil, nay even of Milton and Shakeſpear themſelves, might, as in the immenſity of ſpace, range at large in ſo unbounded a theatre of glory. This is no reverie of conjecture, unrealized by fact; for the whole Ancient World can boaſt no grandeur, equal to the Machinery of Milton. The Apotheoſis of Homer, like the adoration of the ſun, was certainly the moſt rational idolatry of the Heathen World. However, Homer is but a frog, Virgil but a gnat, when put in competition with an Engliſhman. Eſchylus, Sophocles, Euripides, but mere flies, buzzing in the ſun-beams of Shakeſpear. And at this day ſhall not a bold original writer, like Prometheus, ſnatching fire from heaven, as much animate all Nature by perſonification, as when every fountain had it's Naiads, and every chimney-corner it's Lares?

And here may it be mentioned, that the Author, in early life, ſtruck with the majeſty of the Fable of the Paradiſe Loſt—a Fable, the nobleſt, the moſt ſublime, which could poſſibly enter into the heart of Man to conceive!—a Fable, which at once had thrown all Antiquity behind, unrivalled and boundleſs in the race of glory, as

the

the ſun's fiery courſers outſtripping an hour-hand!—a Fable, the magnificence of heaven, which ſhall only be loſt with Time and Nature in eternity!—that the Author, I ſay, was fired, like Phaeton, with phrenzy—the phrenzy of adding ſtill greater dignity to the divine Work, by an attempt to tranſlate the glorious original into Greek, in imitation of the ſtyle and manner of Homer; that ſource, next to the Holy Scriptures, of the Sublime and Beautiful?

Demens, qui tonitru, et non imitabile fulmen
Auſus erat.

The Firſt Book was accordingly tranſlated and publiſhed; but as ſo mighty a Work, if indeed at all practicable, could not without independence be carried into effect, the Author, having had experience of meaneſs in a certain Board, whoſe duty it was to patronize the publication, ſtopt in his career, from a ſcorn of ſoliciting, or accepting, favour.

Again—Doth not the innocent ſuperſtition of rural life afford as large a field of wild Imagery, as ever? When,

therefore, we enjoy, even in this late age of the world, an abundance of materials for every ſpecies of poetic compoſition, for Nature can never be exhauſted; ſuch an outrage on credibility, as Diana, Ceres, and other worm-eaten lumber of Paganiſm, dizened out in a new coat of varniſh, and naturalized in the paſtorals of a late author, muſt, were they even undebaſed by rhyme, blaſt his project of rivalling Theocritus and Virgil: becauſe ſo wide a deviation from veriſimilitude is as repugnant to the true idea of paſtoral-writing, as that other ſtrange Soleciſm—a diploma to Britiſh Shepherds to prate of Pactolus, the Po, the Pleiades, &c. For by this means the elegance of ſimplicity is deſtroyed, like the native bloom of rural Innocence, when daubed into a doll; and indeed the Simplex-munditiis is not more the attribute of Horace's miſtreſs, than of a paſtoral. This poetical hereſy may perhaps have merit enough to be honoured with anathema; for Infallibility ſitteth as little in the ſeat of the ſcornful, any ſelf-dubbed Conclave of criticiſm—comets to ſcare Genius—as ſhe doth in the chair of the Vatican. Reaſon combats with Idolatry, and ſcorns alliance but with Truth alone—Reaſon and Truth, twin-

ſtreams,

ſtreams, flowing undivided from the ſame pure and hallowed ſource in heaven. Nay, ſo little the Author's prepoſſeſſion in favour of even Four Paſtoral Eſſays of his own, for Paſtorals he would not preſume to call them; that, if the Firſt half eſcape the Ordeal of Criticiſm, he will ſurrender the remainder to be tortured in the literary Inquiſition by

The miniſters of vengeance and purſuit.

If, however, originality be merit, theſe Eſſays claim ſome degree of forgiveneſs of their imperfections on that ſcore, as they have not borrowed a ſingle ſentiment, nay even a ſingle ſyllable, one line from Holy Writ excepted, from any writer whatſoever, ancient or modern.

Even Thor and Woden, with the other legendary deities of our Saxon anceſtors, however diſtant from probability, would yet have been infinitely more tolerable than ſuch a farrago of old cobwebs, as flimſy, as they are obſolete.

Learning, though ſo noble an auxiliary, is no more a ſubſtitute for Genius, than the dripping of a rock,

tortured

tortured into a ſnail-pond, is a repreſentative of the majeſty of the ocean. If, then, Invention be the Anima-mundi of Poetry, to ſmell of the lamp argues barrenneſs in thoſe, who from want of originality are only echoes of Parnaſſus—drudges in books, mechanics, tranſlators, not copyiſts, faithful to the unerring page of Nature. However one author may catch fire from another, and thus juſtify occaſional imitation, yet one original ſentiment, which burns with animation from heaven, is worth all the crambe-repetita's that ever were, or ever ſhall be, hacknied by Ages. Shakeſpear borrowed but from Heaven.

What adds to the wonder of our proſcribing witches, fairies, ſpirits, et hoc genus omne, from our own poetry, is, that ſuch a doctrine is the ſettled creed of the people; ſo much ſo indeed, that once upon a time the royal pedant of England blocked out a learned and elaborate treatiſe upon witchcraft, to which happy abſurdity of our lepidum-caput we probably owe that greateſt of literary treaſures, written perhaps in compliment to the king; I mean that heaven-inſpired Tragedy, Macbeth; the firſt,

Othello

Othello ſcarce excepted, that ever did, that ever can, that, conſequently, ever will ennoble the theatre.

Theſe Papers, having propoſed to themſelves none other archetype, than what naturally aroſe from the ſubject, hope to be emancipated from Laws, to which they never profeſſed allegiance. Laws, which are only an occaſional conceſſion to Art from Nature; which, however, ſhe may by virtue of her prerogative reſume. Genius may exiſt without Ariſtotle, nay, in a full ſpring-tide ſweep away the little technical dams, erected by himſelf, and his ſmall apprentice, Boſſu.

The Diſpenſing Power, though ſuch a monſter in politics, ſo lawleſs a comet indeed, is yet no treaſon againſt the Majeſty, no diſſonance in the ſublime anthem of Nature, whoſe works are all harmony, and whoſe ſtamp alone gives the Fiat of Perfection. An uncouth bar of iron, the fineſt needle, when ſeen through a microſcope; but the ſting of a bee, ſcrutinized through the ſame medium, the ſmoother of poliſh, the more refined into elegance. Not but that Art may be permitted, in ſtrong

vegetation of Genius, to lop off luxuriance, or to turn the ſtar, when erratic, into his native orbit of glory. Art thus, flaming, like Longinus, from heaven through the black cloud of criticiſm, brightens every object by lending beauty of ſyſtem to the Chaos of materials. Art thus, in her magnificence of œconomy, collects into a focus the ſunny rays of imagination—the ſplendid waſte of Nature indeed, when ſcattered, like the ſtarry hoſt of heaven; but, when compacted, all a mingled blaze of the ſame glorious luminaries, the more vivid of luſtre, the more regular the lucidus-ordo. But when ſinking from the ſolar walk of the Sublime into the minutiæ of Mechaniſm, whatever merit ſhe may borrow from Opinion for poliſhing a pebble, manufacturing a poem, improving a picktooth, or any other bold manœuvre of Littleneſs, ſhe is the poor player indeed, the ape only of that unpatched Perfection, that brightens the golden ſunbeam, lends bleeding radiance to the ruby, or bluſhes in the baſhful roſe, the blooming Veſtal of Nature.

This Work being ſacred to Juſtice and Truth, the Author, however importunate his private Affections, could not,

not, conſiſtently with ſuch maxims, be the panegyriſt of the Royal Perſonage, who commanded the Engliſh at Fontenoy, though flaming all into valour, the native valour of Engliſhmen, which blazed out ſo irreſiſtibly at Agincourt and Blenheim, and though the malignant cowardice of the Dutch completed the ruin of ſo fatally-ſplendid an enterprize. To the neceſſity, therefore, of being ſilent on this head, the Author ſubmitted with the leſs reluctance, as the familiarity of modern names was thereby the more avoided; and the MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE better ſupported by the general term, The BRITON.

Although Invention and Pathos, like Homer, their father, baniſhed from Plato's Republic, have been obliged by the rigour of Hiſtoric Truth to weep aloof, ſhe yet has permitted the unploughed field of originality to be thrown open for the deſcription of modern battles; for, in all their manufactures of the kind, the terrible Graces, though ſo largely reinforced with the additional horrors of artillery, are yet on your approach quite as placid as Lethe, and innocent as the ſquib of a pop-gun.

Whatever

Whatever acrimony may be paid home to foreigners in their own coin, is ſolely chargeable on that perfidy and ingratitude, with which they, though created by England, have ſo uniformly abuſed the generoſity of the braveſt and greateſt of Nations. This is the more evident from that ardour, with which the Author, ſuperior to the meaneſs of partiality, too large of ſoul for the littleneſs of party, pays the tribute of applauſe to Merit and Virtue, wherever they may exiſt in any quarter of the globe.

This edifice, however ſimple, it was reſolved to convert into a temple of public virtue, into which, under it's patron-angel—the KING, were to be admitted NINE WORTHIES, without regard had to party-diſtinctions; for, like the equal eye of PROVIDENCE, a writer ought to be all awake to his country at large, all too unſullied of honour to deſcend from the pure, unclouded region of virtue, to look through ſo falſe and groſs a medium, as the fogs of party, which, like thoſe of Nature, eclipſe the luſtre, and diſtort the ſymmetry of oppoſite objects. Even Rectitude herſelf, when plunged in party, bends into bias, like a rule, when ſtanding in water, into crookedneſs.

crookedneſs. Party, alas, is an earthquake, that diſjoints the nobleſt empire, ever yet erected on the broad baſis of liberty. Union, our only Palladium from heaven. How ſordid, how mean, the crooked bye-paths of intereſt or faction! How noble, how ſplendid, ſplendid as the ſun's orbit through heaven, the native race of glory—the love of our country!

Though untoward the events of war by ſuch heterogeneous conjunction of natural foes, perjured allies, and our own vipers, the parricides of their country; Britain ſtill exhauſtleſs as the ocean, unſhaken as the mountains, unaſſailable as heaven. Ever ſcene ſo auguſt, ſo awful, the terror of Earth, the wonder of Heaven—England in war with both Worlds, and at every blow, like Nature in convulſions, ſhaking the whole globe to her centre?

The blacker misfortune's cloud, the more livid our lightnings, the more dreadful our thunder. A wound only rouzes the lion; Terror, the centinel of his den, unapproachable by monkies, though in league with tigers. Shall our native oak tower into unbending grandeur in a

ſtorm, or, though cloven by a thunderbolt, be ſelf-erected into a trophy—majeſtic, though in ruins? And ſhall our native courage indeed not rival the Roman, that ſcorned to ſink into the puſillanimity of deſpair?

Yes, the rich ſtreams of nectar-flowing language, of fortune, of power, that idly wander from their natural ſource, the general good, waſting themſelves in the buſy futility of noiſe, turbulence, riot, the froth of faction—Theſe ſtreams, united, would ſwell into a torrent, too mighty for oppoſition of the World, and thus nobly loſt in the broad, the glorious current of Conſtitutional liberty,

That ſweeps with ſilent dignity along,

overflow, like the Nile, into the all-fertilizing flood of national virtue.

Speakers, from the thunder of SHELBURNE to the braying of a Tabernacle, or other warbling of aſſes—Writers, from the firſt ſtar of glory down to the leaden pariſh-badge of paragraph, are proportionably accountable to Heaven and their Country. An ignis fatuus, the low-creeping meteor of faction, or fanaticiſm. But Genius, the malignant

dog-ſtar,

dog-ſtar, or the propitious luminary of Nature; the deſtroying angel, or the guardian of Paradiſe—our country; the ſun-riſe of Virtue, or Veſuvius, burſting into a torrent of fire.

In this Gothic temple not a niche ſhall be defecrated by any buſt, whoſe original lends not luſtre to fortune, or dignity to ſtation. The names, only, of the WORTHIES are therefore prefixed to the Books; a galaxy too ſplendid for the beggarly blazon of dedication. Virtue, beſides, forbids Panegyrick to be her herald. And yet, Fame is the volunteer of Virtue, her native effulgence, like light in full emanation from heaven; for Virtue alone, like Heaven herſelf, is the living fountain of glory.

Tradition reports, that there once was ſo bright a phænomenon of Time, as the golden age of letters; too unmodern to be marked by the mean retreat of Fortune from Genius, like a crab to an oyſter-bed, or by ſtarting, like Macbeth, at the pale apparition of murdered Merit. Nay, that the humbleſt talents, when exerted in the public cauſe, had been adopted by the Public. On this

ground

ground alone the Author eſcapes to his Country for ſanctuary, whoſe protection he holds dearer than her boon of exiſtence.

If then in the whole compaſs of Engliſh literature no work can be found, not even LORD RUSSEL* excepted, which

* A Conſtitutional Tragedy, written in vindication of the MARTYR for our civil and religious liberties. Previous to the appearance of the piece, the following abſtract of it's principles, tranſcribed from a manuſcript, is ſubmitted to the Public.

To aid each generous deſign,
To blow up deep Corruption's mine,
To Liberty reſtore her charter,
Or die for Liberty a martyr,
The Muſe, fired all with patriot rage,
Bids RUSSEL dignify your Stage,
And laſhes from bright Honour's temple
That ſmooth Scotch perjurer, D———.
From regions of eternal night
She drags the villains into light,
The black Cabal—heav'n-blaſted names!
The royal traitors, Charles and James,
Hell's miſſionaries, Peters, Howard,
And Jefferies, pale, murd'rous coward.
O were our moderns of ſuch kidney
As England's Cato's, RUSSEL, SIDNEY,
Who, with firm Virtue at their ſide,
Breaſted Corruption's roaring tide,

Who

which burns with more honeſt, more intenſe love of our country, than the preſent one, the generous Public will the more readily pardon imperfection, the more benignly accept this humble tribute of the heart; eſpecially when informed, that theſe papers were written at ſuch diſtant intervals, as muſt have embarraſſed, and under ſuch accumulation of diſcouragements, as would have been ſufficient to depreſs, even real Genius.

Who e'en that Moloch, Jeff'ries, ſcorn'd,
Their legal murderer ſuborn'd,
The pen, that ſcrawls this honeſt lay,
Virtue had daſh'd, like traſh, away.

F FONTENOY.

FONTENOY.

BOOK I.

TO THE

EARL OF SHELBURNE.

THE fatal plains of Fontenoy, imbru'd
In ſlaughter of Britannia's gen'rous ſons,
A youthful Muſe, by Liberty inſpir'd,
Advent'rous ſings. Though Nature's brighter ſun,
The Genius of heroic ſong, no more
Shall flame, unbounded, o'er a wond'ring World,

Like

Like ſummer from the golden gates of Morn,
Since Milton ſet amid the gorgeous blaze
Of clouds, that on his Weſtern throne attend;
Tho' Care corrodes, tho' pine the weeping Hours,
Zeal lightens o'er this deeper night of Time;
Zeal, more than meteor of the mind, when bright
She burſts from heav'n, and fires the lazy fog,
That broods o'er native radiance of the ſoul.
Zeal, ſweep from heav'n! Truth—thou attune the lyre!

O THOU, from everlaſting o'er all height
In glory unapproachable enthron'd
Far, far above archangel's tow'ring thought,
Tow'ring o'er millions of remoter worlds!—
FATHER of light and life, all-good, all-wiſe,
Who guid'ſt thy Britain with unerring hand,
And roll'ſt thy wide-reſounding ſeas around,
Her native rampart 'gainſt a World in arms!—
THOU great I AM! THOU—ſudden thro' the cloud
Of mortal ſenſe a gleam of glory dart,
And raiſe the filial ſuppliant from the duſt,
Thy voice of Nature to proclaim aloud

In

In Britain's ear, and thy juſt judgment trace
In horrors of thine all-devouring ſword,
High-brandiſh'd o'er Britannia's valiant hoſt!

Now o'er Germania, teeming all around
With Nations, hoarſe for war, in cloudleſs pomp
From pow'r's imperial zenith, like the ſun,
Flam'd proud Bavaria, thron'd amid the blaze
Of planetary princes, and the loſt
Tereſa, torn from her paternal dome,
Proſtrate implor'd from Heav'n th'immortal Year
On the bright wings of triumph to return,
When Britain ſmote with thunder to the duſt,
On Danaw's deep-reſounding ſhores, the fierce
Typhœan Gaul, yet ſmoaking with the wound.
To cruſh th'eternal rival of his Houſe,
Auſtria, on whoſe majeſtic ruins rais'd
Bavaria, beacon of ambition, flam'd,
And at his delegated nod to rock
Germania's hundred thrones, the potent Gaul
His lily-blazon'd banners rears on high,
And Deſolation, ſtalking at his ſide,

Mows

Mows down devoted Europe; as when Death,
Full-bending o'er his ſcythe, from pole to pole
Sweeps the wide harveſt of the peopled globe
To gorge the grave; when forth from angry heav'n,
To ſcourge a ſinful World, o'er Nature ſtrides
Blue-ſpotted Peſtilence, and in her train
Hoarſe Horror, howling in the gloomy winds,
Deepens the groan of Nations in her courſe.

How fierce the bold demeanour of the Gaul!
How deep the ſullen death-denouncing cloud
Of vengeance lours upon his furrow'd brows!
Trembles at lightning of his lifted ſpear
The Weſtern World, and, like a comet, burns
Ambition, blazing from his creſted helm;
While with ſtern eyeball, ſweeping all around
The vaſt horizon, he devours the pomp
Of burniſh'd arms, effulging into air,
Like billows, from a lofty cape beheld,
Far as eye wanders o'er the wat'ry waſte,
In cloudleſs noon of glory. Tho' aloud
Hurl'd headlong, like Antæus, to the duſt,

Renew'd in might, the tyrant dares aloud
Britannia's lions, waving in the winds,
Demanding vengeance for his vanquiſh'd hoſts
On glorious Blenheim and Ramillia, heap'd
With Nations, blaſted by Britannia's fire,
When MARLBOROUGH, her thunderer in arms,
Daſh'd haughty Bourbon on the ſuppliant knee:
What-time, by frowning Liberty purſu'd,
His routed ſquadrons into Danaw plung'd,
Tho' Horror bellow'd o'er the foaming flood,
Germania trembled, and th'enſanguin'd plains
Of Flandria wept their proud imperial towns,
Like Nature waſted by etherial fire.
Such godlike MARLB'ROUGH's triumph o'er the vaſt
Phlegrean race, by bold ambition fir'd
Mountains to pile o'er mountains, and aſſail
Enthron'd Omnipotence with impious war.
As when, enrob'd in lightnings, the ſerene
Deſtroying angel, to rebuke the pride
Of ſtern Sennacherib, walk'd dreadful forth
On midnight winds, and wide around him heap'd
The ſmoaking carnage of Aſſyria's camp.

So

So blaſted fell the Gaul's puiſſant hoſt
Beneath the BRITON's world-avenging ſpear.

BUT now, by clarion of Ambition rouz'd,
Again to rock thoſe realms, o'er which thro' long
Career of rolling ages, like a God,
The BRITON, tutelary angel, held
His golden ſceptre, the heroic Gaul
Pours forth his armies to the wide domain
Of trembling Auſtria; as a blackning ſtorm,
Terrific, ſweeps away the Weſtern World,
While Ruin, like an angry demon, rides
The roaring winds, and, ghaſtlier in the glare
Of lightnings, volli'd o'er the gloomy globe,
Rolls the wide war of heav'n. By paly fires,
Infatuation's planetary fires,
Th'auguſt Bavarian, ſmote into the heart,
The portals of his country broad-unfolds,
Like Diſcord, tearing wide the gates of war,
And, at the bidding of th'ambitious Gaul,
Loud thro' the floodgate of perdition breaks
War in big torrent, war. As when the ſeas

In mountains thunder o'er the Belgian mounds,
While Night lours polar darkneſs on the deep,
Burſts roaring inundation to devour
Th'amphibious race, and Horror ſtalks at large
The hoarſe and ſullen wave. So loud the Gaul
Breaks thro' the barriers of dominion, rear'd
By Ages 'gainſt Ambition's beating tide,
And from the dreadful, war-portending cloud,
Which, black with brooding tempeſt, darkens deep
Th'earthquaking empire, howls hell's fiercer fiend,
Depopulation. Proſtrate at the foot
Of Albion's throne, Europa's ſceptred chiefs
Implore the martial BRITON, from the dews
Of dawning Time, in heav'n's broad volume ſtamp'd
Th'imperial tow'r of Nations—proſtrate, pale,
Implore the BRITON, awful as heav'n's ſeer,
Aaron, of venerable-flowing beard,
Whiten'd with hoar of years, to ſtand between
The living and the dead—implore the chief
To flame in glorious panoply to heav'n,
And, of th'earth-ſhaking trident ſelf-deſpoil'd,
Like Jupiter of thunders, to rebuke

Th'encount'ring Nations; like a cherub, crown'd
With majeſty of pow'r, ſent forth from heav'n,
At terrors of his bidding, to diſperſe
The warring clouds from Nature, and reſtore
The ever-fretful elements to peace.

Too prone, alas, to bend the gen'rous ear
Of pity, glorious error, to the cries
Of proſtrate Kingdoms, the heroic ſons
Of ſea-encircled Albion arm again
Their youthful legions, ardent for the field,
To hurl the blazing tyrant to the duſt,
And in the ſcales of awful Juſtice poize
The fierce-contending Worlds. With bleeding heart
Britannia, to her lonely ſhores retir'd,
Beholds her warriors plough th'inchafed flood,
In evil hour by blaſted counſels doom'd
To pyramid with monumental death
Black perjur'd realms, the native clime of ſlaves,
In whoſe ungen'rous boſoms never burn'd
The fire of heav'n-born Gratitude for all
Her treaſures, laviſh'd as th'unnumber'd ſands,
And, oh, ſuch rivers from heroic veins.

As when, in yearning anguiſh of her ſoul,
A widow'd matron, on the beach forlorn,
Forlorn, bereav'd of life's each vernal joy,
With arms expanded pours her laſt adieu,
And ſcreams out at the murd'rous winds and waves,
Which tear, remorſeleſs, from her ſtreaming eyes
The heart-hid treaſure of her blooming ſons
To ſavage climes remote. Britannia ſo,
Like Niobe in tears, with beating breaſt
Pours to the weeping rocks a mother's moan,
And ſwells the murmur of each ſobbing breeze,
Adjuring deep her heroes to return,
And dart their angry lightnings on the Gaul,
Where'er he ploughs the wave, that Europe beats
With hoarſer indignation; or where'er,
Unaw'd by Heav'n, or diſtant-rolling roar
Of Britain's tumbling thunders, like a vaſt
Coloſſus, he beſtrides the trading-flood,
Wide-interſus'd between diſparted worlds—
The gold-illumin'd orient, and the clime,
Which burns beneath the broad-deſcending ſun.

TIME, wide-unfolding his majeſtic page,
Marks with pale horror, in th'auguſt review
Of Ages, yon unbluſhing Nations, chief
The Belgian hive, the waves and winds themſelves
Hoarſe with reproach—unbluſhing Nations, ſtamp'd
By Perfidy, hell-featur'd, and th'abhorr'd
Tiſiphone of life, of Æthiop hue,
Ingratitude; whoſe viſage, as thou look'ſt,
So broad diſpreads, whoſe hideous form ſo vaſt,
Darkning with dread eclipſe the golden day,
Ariſes, like a gloomy tow'r, to heav'n,
That the pale Furies, pale with terror, ſcream,
And bury them in depths of howling hell.

SOON as Britannia, on the golden beach
Of Belgium, from her loud triumphant tiers
Rolls her imperial thunders, earthquake rocks
The Continent around. Terrific War,
Rouz'd at th'alarum to lay waſte a world,
O'er Europe, like a baleful comet, flames
From loftieſt ſummit of the clouded Alps,
His beacon, black with night, and from amidſt

The Stygian darkneſs wields aloft the torch
Of Diſcord, blazing horrible to all
The regions of the wide-expanded globe,
Affrighted, paler in the ghaſtly glare.
Not louder on the wild Atlantic wave
Black Winter thunders with her rolling winds,
Where Horn's black cape, for ever daſh'd by ſeas,
Beholds with horror the tumultuous deeps
Contend in mountains with the roaring ſtorm,
Than the dread peals of his Tartarean throat
Shake Europe, and her foaming ſeas around.
E'en Weſtern India hears, and from her vaſt
Earthquaking Andes o'er the bellowing main
Rebounds throughout the globe the loud alarm
To Taurus, Atlas, and the frozen North,
Whoſe ſtorm-benighted mountains menace heav'n,
In frowning Majeſty of Nature pil'd.

Th' imperial Briton on the Belgian coaſt
Hears tumult of the regions all around
Deepen along the ſolemn-ſounding winds,
Hoarſe as the murmurs of an angry ſea,

When

When horror darkens o'er the ſwelling flood,
Portending ſtorm, which all around the vaſt
Horizon lours, ere, into mountains roll'd,
The big tide tumbles on the bellowing ſhore,
And, foaming, thunders o'er the rocks to heav'n.
Half Europe now the tow'ring hero ſees
Waving with ſummer of refulgent arms,
And at the trumpet's ſound his bounding heart
Burns with impatience for the glorious field.
As when th' OMNIPOTENT heav'n all involves
In deeper darkneſs, his majeſtic throne,
His thunders roar revenge, his lightnings pour'd,
Tempeſtuous pour'd from all the blazing clouds,
Burſt thro' the frowning horrors; earth and air
Flame, like the laſt great day: with terrors torn,
Man ſees, amaz'd, the fire-diſgorging heav'ns,
Indignant Ocean from her bottom heave
Earth's mighty globe, the roaring torrents roll,
And Nature, rocking with ſtupendous war.
So vaſt the tumult ſwells; ſo vaſt to heav'n
Burſts the broad blaze of arms. At Europe's cries
The free-born BRITON, ſweeping, like a ſtorm,

Sweeping o'er wide Germania, throws behind
The rolling kingdoms—brief as on heav'n's fire
Down darts pale Vengeance on a guilty world,
His gauntlet hurls upon the tented field,
The mighty lists of war, and bids aloud
Europe's surrounding monarchs herd aloof,
While to the glorious combat he defies
Th'unshaken Gaul. As in the war of winds,
When heav'n bursts all into a deluge, dash'd
Headlong from Ind's amazing mountains wild,
A torrent, loud as Niagara roars,
Rolls with resistless ruin; as in depths
Of shrieking Night a sudden flood of fire,
Swept by a storm wide o'er the guilty tow'rs
Of some imperial city, thro' the glooms
Mounts to the sky, triumphant, wasting wide
The works of weeping Time; as thunders rend
The vaulted heav'n; as roaring whirlwinds wheel
Thro' Lybian sands, th'impetuous hero, rouz'd,
Ploughs thro' the Gaul's battalions on the plains
Of Dettingen renown'd. The foreign slave,
Lost in amaze—'How loud th'all-dreaded bolt

'Of

'Of Liberty thro' war's terrific cloud
'Burſts with reſounding ruin on the Gaul,
'And tumbles from their broad ſtupendous baſe
'Ambition's lofty tow'rs! O Liberty!
'Heav'n's radiant daughter! Heav'n's all-chearing ſun!
'Beaming Heav'n's brighter bliſs! When, when wilt thou
'Bleſs with perpetual ſummer of thy ſmiles
'This weeping clime of bondage? When, o when
'Woo thine aſſociate angel from the ſkies,
'Or from her native Albion's bliſsful ſhore,
'Religion, crown'd with radiance, to ariſe
'O'er the ſoul's Chaos, like heav'n's orient orb,
'And wake adoring Nature into joy?
'Say, Liberty, at lightning of thy ſpear
'Quake not earth's ſceptred tyrants, at the nod
'Tho' millions their immenſe battalia ſwell,
'Where'er, like Rome's imperial eagles, wave
'Thine angry lions o'er the files of war,
'As when they rag'd on Hockſtet's glorious field?
'Or where thy Navy, wing'd with terror, ploughs,
'Dreadful as frowns avenging Heav'n with ſtorms,
'To thunder Britain's mandate to the main,
'And ſhake the bulwarks of each hoſtile ſhore?'

At length the wintry Year with grateful truce
Closes the horrors of th'ensanguin'd field,
And, from mankind retir'd, in council deep
The sea's great sovereign sits, in trembling scale
Of Justice balancing the rival Worlds.
Awful before Britannia's hallow'd throne
Presented, on his iv'ry sceptre leans
Fate, like an hoary father, and awaits
The solemn sanction of the Briton's nod;
Now on this side to cherub-visag'd Peace
Pointing, for ever smiling, like the Morn,
Now to dark War on that, hell-frowning War,
Indignant. To Europa's gloomy North
The Briton, in imperial honours clad,
Now turns th'all-genial sunshine of his eyes,
And bids the storms, arising, that would shake
Earth's vast foundations, cease their impious rage.
'Tis peace—Abash'd the storms obedient hear
The dread behest, and Chaos is no more.
With eye majestic now he looks around
Wide o'er the billows of th'unbounded main,
Far as his rival sun, enthron'd, beholds,

And inſtant, lo, Britannia's tow'ring fleets,
Beneath them daſhing headlong from the clouds
The foaming mountains of th'indignant deep,
O'er either India, black with vengeance, lour,
And ſtern demand aloud triumphant War
To wave his bloody banner in the winds.
Now o'er the kingdoms of the golden Eaſt
His ample proſpect far and wide extends,
And ſee, the frowning Turk and Tartar, aw'd,
Horrid in arms, with fierce obeiſance wait,
Till fire-rob'd Liberty ſhall hurl from heav'n
Her world-reſounded thunders on the Gaul.
Now the ſea's ruler, awful as a God,
Th'earth-ſhaking trident in his mighty hand,
Sees Europe kindle into waving war,
Where'er the fiery inundation rolls
The nations into ruin, and their proud
Barriers lays level as the tide-ſwept ſhore.
Zeal mounts heav'n's paler fire—his lofty fleets
Again he launches on the murm'ring main,
And, amid ſolemn weeping of the winds,
From widow'd Albion leads his Britons forth,

Breathing heroic fire. What martial grace
Expands his heav'n-ennobled front ſublime,
While o'er the travers'd regions, which beneath
The terrors of his tow'ring footſtep bend,
The gen'rous hoſt of liberty he leads!
Unſhaken by the broad tremendous cloud,
Tho' blackning all with vengeance, as it rolls,
The Gaul beholds the dread approaching chief;
Stern as the potent angel, when aloud,
Striding at large o'er this majeſtic world,
From broken fountains of the great abyſs
He led th'imbattled billows, in Heav'n's war
With Nature, to o'erturn th'affrighted globe
With all her mighty mountains, and o'erwhelm
Man, ſinful Man—heav'n's angel in eclipſe.

Majestic as the Genius of mankind,
The godlike Briton with Herculean arm
Plants his imperial banners, like the baſe
Of Atlas, or, of Taurus, on the breaſt
Of trembling Europe; and behold, afar
From wide Germania, and the Belgian coaſt,

Breathing

Breathing united war, imbattled rolls
The ſtormy tide of Nations, darkning all
With gloomier night of vengeance, to the camp,
The ſocial camp of Britain—like her heart,
Like Heav'n, enlarging for the charter'd ſlaves;
Who, leaning liſtleſs on the ruſty ſpear,
All cold as Apathy, ſhall ſee the bold,
The world-ſurrounded Lion in the toils,
Or plunge th' impoiſon'd poniard to his heart.
Off from my foot, ye ſlaves—Tho' deep the cloud
Enſhrouds Britannia, the prophetic eye,
Purg'd by heav'n's euphraſy and rue, beholds
Creſt-ſhorn Ambition, blaſted, like a tow'r,
That dar'd the thunder, Ocean all our own,
And the globe tremble at the Lion's roar!

WHERE'ER the hero in refulgent arms
Majeſtic tow'rs along the lengthning line,
Croats and Pandours, the blood-nectar'd flock
Of ravens, hoarſe for carrion of the field,
Stand, ſtatu'd into wonder—Wonder all
The rooted ſavage ſtands, and feels his heart,

Tho'

Tho' deep the froſt of Nature at her ſource,
Beat with the ſocial throb at ev'ry gaze,
As if in ſolemn preſence of a God.

SAFE in Britannia's ample ſhade reclin'd,
Gorgeleſs of gold, the wary Belgian hears
War's diſtant torrent roar—tho' ſwell'd by wreck
Of empires, tumbled down the foaming flood,
Daſh'd wide away by bold Britannia, rear'd
Heav'n's barrier againſt tyrants; as acroſs
Extended realms a mountain tow'rs to heav'n,
Great Nature's bulwark to repel aloud
From nations in his rear the war of winds,
And the big tide of deſolation turn,
When from afar th' indignant deluge rolls.

WHEN now in peaceful manſions of the grave
Bavarian Albert, hapleſs monarch, ſlept,
'Scap'd to the hoſpitable arms of Death
From Fortune's, and from Nature's, ruthleſs rage;
And Auſtria's fiery Championeſs aloud,
Like Devaſtation, ſwept the flying Gaul;

Pale

Pale Europe, weeping o'er the waſte of war,
Beholds the mighty conflagration, ſpread
E'en from immortal Tiber to the banks
Of Danaw, and beyond th'affrighted flood
Of Rhene, reſounding the big ſhouts of war.
Againſt the barriers of the Belgian State,
And Flandria, blaſted by th'all-baleful breath
Of tyrants, tho' by blooming Nature nurs'd,
France turns the mighty torrent of revenge
To raze their rocks of bulwark to the duſt.
Advancing to confront the martial Gaul,
Britannia's legions darken into rage,
Sudden as Summer, frowning into night
Of Stygian clouds, which o'er the vaſt of heav'n
Slow, ſolemn, ſilent, broad-imbattled roll,
To open into cataracts of fire,
And on the ſin-affrighted globe diſgorge
The thunders of OMNIPOTENCE. To awe
Deaf as the ſea-beat rock, with equal rage
France burns for war. The miniſters of peace,
Solemn as heav'n's ambaſſadors, in vain
Diſplay at large before the conſcious ſun

Britain's imperial charter, ſtamp'd by Heav'n;
In vain before aſſenting Worlds proclaim,
That, ſince the Genius of immortal Greece,
Awful, at fam'd Thermopylæ preſcrib'd,
To Aſia's mighty Ocean on the ſands,
How far the billows of Ambition roll;
Since Rome rain'd pious ſorrows o'er the corſe
Of Brutus, by the ſelf-avenging bolt,
Like Jupiter by his own thunder, fall'n—
That, Heav'n before her wide-aſſembled hoſts
Call'd forth the BRITON from the human herd
In native majeſty, for Nature ſtamp'd
Juſtice and Empire on his awful brows,
To rule, but with the trident rule, Mankind;
For only as the ſovereign Trident points,
The big tempeſtuous tide of empire ſweeps,
Obedient as the billows to the wind.
The Gaul, indignant, plants his mighty foot
On Europe's beating heart, and deeper vows,
His Sword, ſo oft in fiery circles wav'd,
'Round earth's circumference, demands her own,
Demands the globe, unrivall'd—Nature bleeds

From

From artery of big maternal grief,
And groans for mutual murder of her race.

NEAR and more near war rolls with hoarſer ſtorm,
And Europe, pale with terror, ſhrieks to heav'n
At dread approach of her heroic ſons.
As when, out-ſtretch'd in broad-imbattled lines,
Fierce clouds, the paly Hebrides beyond,
Stor'd with the dread artillery of heav'n,
Sweep adverſe o'er the black-impaſſion'd deeps,
To burſt, tempeſtuous, into hoſtile fire.
So awful roll the deepning tides of war,
Deepning with thouſand torrents, o'er the plains
Of Flandria, drunk with gore—Devoted land!
On which, alas, in many a rueful day
War tore the ſcythe from ſlow-ſubduing Time,
And ſwept contending Nations to the grave.

RESISTLESS as terrific Ruin rides
Th'all-ſweeping ſtorms of heav'n, triumphant France
At Tournay points her enginry of war.
The pondrous bulwarks, frighted at her nod,

Thunder,

Thunder, and rocks in horrid ruin roll
Headlong—Up-ſtarting at the roughning roar,
Starting into a tow'r, the BRITON, fir'd
With indignation, ſmites upon his breaſt,
And awful vows by his immortal fires,
Who ſhook th'enthroned Gaul, his patriot arm
Or by the morrow's dawn the trembling prey
Rends from the bloody tiger, or he falls
Martyr for Europe—reckleſs of the tear,
The trembling tear of Albion, at ſuch waſte
Of world-aſtounding valour. At his voice
Th'aſtoniſh'd ſun, as down the ſteep of heav'n
He rolls his glorious orb unto the main,
Looks forth aſlant the long, long labouring lines,
As ſtretch'd in deep array o'er all the plains,
Which rock with thunder of the bounding ſteeds,
Before their camp the marſhall'd armies ſtand.
Here ſummer, waving from unnumber'd arms,
Flames half around the vaſt horizon, flames
Broad as in midnight undulation burſts
Half heav'n into a cataract of fire.
There Darkneſs frowns forbiddance of the blaze,

Tho'

Tho' vaſt the conflagration of the field.
So in th'Azores from a lofty rock,
Which lours defiance on the yeſty waves,
At eventide the native views, amaz'd,
Wide as the poles of heav'n, th'all-ambient main,
Half in the broad gold-ſtreaming luſtre loſt
Of Weſtern ſunbeams, glitt'ring o'er the ſurge,
Half dark as night beneath the ruffling breeze.

WHILE black Perdition, brooding o'er the walls
Of blaſted Tournay, ſpreads her raven wings,
The regal Gaul, with Nations in his train,
Proud as when Xerxes led a World in arms,
Diſplays his mighty camp upon the plains
Of Death-pale Fontenoy, all whitening o'er
With tents, unnumber'd as the foaming waves,
Which from a promontory's cloudleſs head
The wondring ſhepherd far and wide beholds.
There, heav'n-high flaming with ambition, tow'rs
Bourbon in ſolar pomp, amid the blaze
Of ſattellites aloof; while ſtalking Death,
Nature all ſtatu'd into horror, all

Shriekleſs and wither'd as Deſpair, ſurveys
Th'earthquaking champaign, like Pharſalia's field,
With trenches deep, with battlements begirt,
And ſwells the horrors of approaching war.

At diſtance from the terror-trembling field,
Time, in hoar majeſty of years reclin'd,
Lingers—in ſolemn wonder to behold
Night, ſudden as autumnal miſts at ev'n,
Diffuſing frowns of darkneſs o'er the guilt
Of murdrous War; tho' Summer, as ſhe wont,
Silver'd with trembling twilight the fair clime
Of Nature's blooming regions. On the plains
Not the faint glimmer of a lonely ſtar
Winks thro' the vaſt obſcure; ſoft-breathing winds
Scarce thro' the globe-ſurrounding ſeas awake
The drowſy billow on each murm'ring ſhore;
Smoother the rivers glide; the mountains huſh'd,
Ruins of Nature, with their foreſts lean
O'er ev'ry peaceful vale—Sleep broods o'er all
Beneath th'expanſe of heav'n, ſave where at large
Flandria, ungorged grave of empire, ſpreads

Her fatal champaign, by Ambition beat
With louder ſtorms, than e'er pale Terror heard
Rock the reſounding world—Ill-fated land,
Meted by Death th'eternal liſts of War
Tho' Nature o'er the blooming Eden wept!

THERE on the plains, which Tournay's lofty tow'rs
With frowns of Death behold, Britannia's hoſt,
Stern with impatience, chide the lingring Morn.
Horror ſtalks forth at large; th'earthquaking Camp,
Swelling the roar of tumbling tow'rs around
Thro' all th'affrighted realm, rebellows, loud
As Ætna to his tow'ring tread, and ſees
Th' indignant demon, centinel of War,
Enlarging, riſe with helmed head to heav'n,
And thunder on his hoarſe-reſounding ſhield.

A YOUTHFUL chief, who firſt drew vital air
On the green margin of majeſtic Rhene,
From din of arms forth wander'd to regale
His languid ſenſe with Night's ambroſial breath.
Life's mild Elyſium o'er his native vale

Breath'd vernal bliſs, and all with golden day
Around him brighten'd; on the bluſhing hills
His vines bled nectar; his unnumber'd flocks,
By bleating Echo, Nature's mimic, mock'd,
In luxury the living verdure cropp'd,
Or, couch'd on flow'ry boſom of the vale,
Lay mild as meek-ey'd Innocence of heav'n,
Breathing their rival ſweetneſs on the breeze.
Yet nobly from the bright all-worſhip'd hoard
Of Fortune, and the fond-encircling arms
Of weeping Nature, with her tender train
Of ſoft Endearments clinging, to the field
Inſtant the warrior burſts, by diſtant ſhouts
Of Glory, waving her bright helmet, rouz'd.
Europe, aſtoniſh'd, fills reſounding heav'n
With Britiſh fame, and on his raptur'd ear
The ſwelling echoes vibrate: thro' the range
Of myriads on the hoſtile field he ſaw,
By dread Omnipotence of Freedom launch'd,
Britannia's lightnings all-reſiſtleſs rage,
To blaſt the tyrants of a groaning world.
Hence his big pulſes bound with valour, hence,

High as the ſoul of godlike Ruſſel flam'd,
His boſom beats with liberty, and all
His ſoul breathes adoration to high Heav'n
For ev'ry bliſs on Britain's glorious iſle;
For Gratitude her altar in his heart
Had rear'd, and o'er the heav'n-fan'd Veſtal flame
Angels heap'd heav'n's large incenſe—To his vows
Charlotte, Heav'n's rich reward, propitious lean'd,
Vermilion'd all with bluſhes of the Morn.
Bright roſe the ſun to bleſs her bridal day;
Peace ſmil'd benignant luſtre; from the woods
Wild warbled rural minſtrelſy, and o'er
The flow'r-encrimſon'd vale, in blitheſome dance,
Fair Innocence, with roſeate garland crown'd,
Like Hebe, led the choral train of Joys.
Scarce had the blooming Maid with ſnowy hand
Plighted connubial love, whoſe op'ning heav'n
Brighten'd with viſions of immortal bliſs,
While riſing raptures fir'd each panting vein,
When the ſhrill ſhrieks of Death—With impious arms
Sudden into her bow'r, like Ruin, burſt
The prowling Gaul, and all the guiltleſs ſcene,

Stony of heart, deform'd. The helpleſs Fair,
Torn from her lord, on Heav'n for mercy calls.
Heav'n hears, and, glorious as the pealing choir
Of angels, from the joy-reſounding hills
The Britiſh clarion thunders. From the ſky,
Swift as a falcon cleaves the wavy air
To pounce his flying quarry, on the Gaul
Virtue's avenging angel, wing'd with fire,
Darting impetuous, to the laughing Loves
Reſtores inviolate the trembling maid.
Joy kindles the triumphant realm around,
But chief the Youth, in ſweet delirium loſt,
Weeps ſpeechleſs gratitude. Hence burns to heav'n
Eugenio's ardour for Britannia's weal;
Hence wields the warrior his vindictive ſword;
Hence, unextinguiſh'd, Britain's native fire
Burſts from his boſom, while his accents thus
His brave aſſociate rouze—'If once the Gaul
'Sudden from Rome's majeſtic fathers ſhrunk,
'As if from ſynod of th'enthroned Gods,
'What deeper terrors ſhould appal his ſoul,
'When to theſe ſons of Liberty oppos'd,

'Theſe

'Theſe Britons, arbiters of Europe, all
'In heav'n-forg'd panoply of honour clad?
'And yet, my Friend, the tear of omen ſtarts.
'How like their valour-flaming ſires renown'd,
'Who deep into the black Charybdis plung'd
'Of error, againſt Nature's high command,
'Heav'n's brighteſt boon, majeſtic Ocean, ſpurn'd,
'Tho' crown'd with glorious ſovereignty of Worlds,
'And thro' deluſion's fatal miſts purſu'd
'Ruin, pale ſpectre, deck'd in radiant robes
'Of Glory. Such Britannia's barren meed,
''Midſt din of Europe's warring tyrants won,
'Deep on whoſe ev'ry frowning feature ſtamp'd,
'Nature, recoiling, pale with terror, ſees
'Ingratitude, and Perfidy profound,
'Scowl Æthiopian horror on their brows,
'And ſtrike the fierce infection thro' the ſoul.
'Tremble th'eternal Alps, tho', dark with rage,
'Aſſailing Winter thunders all around
'With roaring tempeſt? And ſhall not the Gaul,
'As fix'd, as ſullen on the firm-bas'd throne
'Of Tyranny, hear Britain ſtorm aloud

'Againſt his frontier, from whoſe mounds of war
'Hell lours perpetual terror on the plains,
'And faddens all the golden clime around?
'Shall not the grim, malignant glare of joy,
'Lighten o'er Stygian darkneſs of his brows,
'When from his death-denouncing ramparts pour'd,
'Dreadful as when the welkin's angry glooms
'Burſt into ſtorms of fire, his cataracts
'Of livid lightning at the bulwark's baſe
'Impetuous hurl Britannia's banner'd hoſt?
'Or when his thunders, loud as war of worlds
'In Nature's boundleſs conflagration, roar,
'And heap with ſlaughter the Menapian fields?
'Ceaſe we—For Glory graſps her clarion—Look,
'Tiptoe each Briton!—the whole field on fire!—
'And marſhals her heroic choſen chiefs
'To yonder tall pavilion, where alone
'Sits Liberty, bright angel, and aloof
'Scares from her hallow'd fane theſe venal ſlaves.'

WHILE deeper ſwells along the howling clime
Deſpair in hoarſeneſs of the gloomy winds,

The

The ſolemn-ſobbing winds o'er earth and ſea
Murmur, as if thro' manſions of the dead,
Hoarſe, awful, deep, like beating of the waves,
Daſh'd on a diſtant ſhore; or roar remote
Of mountain-torrents, deeper in the pauſe
Of night, great Nature's ſabbath; or th'approach
Of armies, down the terror-weeping winds
Roll'd, like heav'n's dread alarm; or laſt great ſounds,
That warn the world, ere deep-devouring fires
Blaze into tempeſt, and from pole to pole
The roaring ruin roll. France hears, appall'd,
Britannia's lion ſhake his brindled mane,
And, fierce for combat, rouze his mighty wrath;
Yet bold with conſcious glory, and her bright
Renown in arms, ſends forth her louder peals
In menace, that uptore the ſhades of night.
Aghaſt the lofty cities all around
In terror from their fix'd foundations heave,
As once at MARLB'ROUGH's thunder, when from heav'n
Tumbled their tow'rs with roar of falling worlds,
And from their portals in ſucceſſive tide
Pour anxious Nations, which aloof behold,

Aw'd by Death-glooming Horror into peace,
The mighty clouds of war, o'er all the plains,
Sullen as frowning Tartarus, outſpread.
While from the rival camps, and ſpace between,
Wide thro' the darkneſs wave denouncing fires,
Which oft in dreadful intermiſſion ſink,
Bury'd beneath the brooding Chaos, oft
Flame into air, and kindle all the glooms:
Fierce as the flaſhes, that in awful depths
Of night amid the ſhrieks of Horror mount,
Pale lightnings, pale with vengeance, ere the vaſt
Veſuvius into fiery torrent burſts,
In Nature's indignation at the guilt,
That blaſts the blooming clime. Pale Naples, torn
From her foundations, big with earthquake, heaves,
And all the region trembles at th'alarm
Of fighting factions in the black abyſs.
Hoarſe, horrid, hideous, all a rolling roar
Of thunder, loud as if the vaſt of heav'n
Tumbled in flaming ruin to the deep.

Rouz'd by the foaming courſer, that aloud
Snorts bold impatience, like the fiery ſteeds

Of bright Hyperion for the gleams of Morn;
The roar of tumbling tow'rs, the din of Death
From burſting mines, th'air-ſweeping ſtorms of fire
From throated cannon on the walls diſgorg'd
Of Tournay, blazing dreadful to the clouds,
The ſhout of armies, and deep drum's alarm,
Forth from his high pavilion thro' the range
Of tents, which tremble at his lofty ſtride,
The BRITON, angel of avenging Heav'n,
Preceded by majeſtic Terror, moves
With pace auguſt, and, as he ſtalks ſublime,
Deigns on th'adoring Nations bend his eye,
As, riſing glorious from the ſhades of night,
Hyperion looks upon the nether world.
Deep-perjur'd Nations, o'er whoſe impious clime,
Awful as heav'n alarm, his ſovereign voice,
Thunder to tyrants, into glorious flame
Of liberty th'expiring embers rouz'd;
For which from age to age his martial veins
Too laviſh flow'd; o'er which with thriftleſs hand
He ſcatter'd treaſure, boundleſs as a God,
But mountain-ruin on the groaning land;

Heap'd,

Heap'd, blaſting, like black Envy's burning winds,
Of pale Poſterity the blooms unborn,
While awful rolls the troubled tide of Time;
Treaſure, by Commerce o'er the ſun-bright flood
Of Fortune roll'd from other worlds remote
For ever to the joy-reſounding ſhores
Of Britain, glorious granary of Heav'n,
With Nature's univerſal harveſt heap'd.
His heart beats high, and chides the lingring Morn.
But ah! fair Albion thwarts his throbbing thought,
Her Monarchy, full-flaming ſun from heav'n,
Fountain of light and life; th'eternal rock
Of liberty her ſacred Senate juſt;
Her cities, brighteſt of the gems, that e'er
From ſtarry diadem of Juſtice blaz'd,
O'er whoſe imperial head with laviſh hand
Trade ſhow'rs her pearls from India's bliſsful ſhore,
And rears, in gorgeous rivalry of heav'n,
The tow'r-crown'd wonders—wonders of a world,
Proud as Ægyptian Thebes; her matchleſs fleets,
Matchleſs but by the thunder; plann'd by Heav'n,
Her equal laws; her verdure-veſted vales,

Laughing

Laughing, like Liberty, that laughs around,
Like Summer from the golden morn of May,
Time's darling daughter; brighter than the ſtar,
That gilds the dewy diadem of Day,
Her daughters, radiant race of angels, grac'd
With roſebud-cheek, with eyelids of the Morn,
And ductile gold of ringlets, flowing down
The chaſter ſnow of innocence; her ſons,
Deep-rooted oaks of freedom, honeſt, brave,
Induſtrious; her religious ſages meek,
Cloath'd in the potent majeſty of heav'n,
Like Noah, warning a degen'rate world,
And opening wide eternity to view—
The guſhing tears flow down his manly cheek,
And, while with milk of ſympathy o'erflows
His godlike heart, from horrors of the field
Full oft the hero turns his awful eyes
To blooming Britain's heav'n-illumin'd Iſle.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Laughing like Liberty, that laughs around
Time's darling child, fairer than the fair,
That gilds the day's diadem of Day,
Her daughter, radiant Hope of
With rolled-up
And ductile gold of ringlets flowing down
The chafer brow of innocence; her form,
Deep-rooted calls of freedom, nought
Indistinct; her religious
Clear'd in the future's
Like North, was
And opening wide
The gushing
And white with
His godlike heart, from
Full oft the
To blooming

FOUR

PASTORAL

ESSAYS.

also by Dr. Stratford.

Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu
Noſtra, nec erubuit ſylvas habitare, Thalia.
Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit; paſtorem, Tityre, pingues
Paſcere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.

VIRGIL.

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MDCCLXXXII.

PASTORAL ESSAYS.

PASTORAL ESSAY I.

TO

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Eſq.

TOO long a wand'rer, like our callow youth,
The Britiſh Muſe deſerts her native clime,
Where heav'n-born Freedom ſmiles, to picture life
From ſilken ſlaves, or ſqueak Barbaric rhyme.
Shall Thames, imperial flood, to Tyber yield
E'en rural honours? Thames, whoſe placid maze,
Fan'd by ambroſial gales, majeſtic glides,
Like golden Hermus, thro' the laughing vales
Of Windſor's blooming paradiſe, receſs
Of bards, of heroes, kings, immortal names!

PELLUCID candour all!—ſuch ſunſhine beams
Thro' ev'ry feature, ſunſhine of a ſoul,
Pure as heav'n-ſifted ſnow, or dewy tear,
Shed by the Morn on cherub's ſilver plumes.
Candour, rich robe of angels—Shall not then
My ſoul enſhrine him?—Tho' with thouſand hands
Rapture the pealing plaudit rolls around,
And ſhakes the Stoic Pit into a roar,
With all her laughing echoes—tho' pale Grief,
Pale as the tear-impearled Morn, bedews
The many-twinkling galaxy of eyes,
Sinks not the ſtar of Genius in the blaze
Of broad benevolence? My CUMBERLAND,
Conſcious of ev'ry merit, but his own,
Reddens, like the baſhful roſe, when Zephyr woos
The blooming child of Nature, crimſon'd o'er
With deeper bluſhes at the breath, that ſteals
The rich regale of heav'n. My CUMBERLAND,
Turn not away theſe bliſs-diffuſing eyes,
Which beam with Honeſty's celeſtial fires.
Ah turn not from the Muſe, that ſcorns, like thee,
The venal Pæan of th'apoſtate bard,
Tho' Inſpiration ſweeps his raptur'd lyre,

And Genius, like a ſtar-crown'd ſeraph, leans
From heav'n to hear the wonders of his lore.
The bard! who, by Circean Fortune chang'd,
Like an archangel from his glory fall'n,
Bends from his native dignity to herd
With ſlaves, that haunt the threſhold of the Great.
Stamp'd by thy name then ſacred be the ſong
To Friendſhip; which, tho' bright her Veſtal flame
Burſts from my breaſt, nay blazes to high heav'n,
To immolate the ſpotleſs victim, Truth,
E'en at Love's life-endearing ſhrine, diſdains.
By ſlaves alone, or garter'd, or unrop'd,
Who blaſt with bold impiety of praiſe,
Let Truth, heav'n's guiltleſs Iphigenia, bleed.

'Twas in the bloomy May—the roſe-wing'd winds
Delicious as heav'n's breath; the warbling woods
All joy, like Nature now attun'd to love;
Various and vivid, as the ſun-born bow,
The flow'r-embroider'd velvet of the vale;
Sighleſs the reeds, and ev'ry living lake,

Heav'n's

'Heav'n's mirror, all a noon of laughing light—
'Twas in the bloomy May—the youthful ſwains,
Thenot and Strephon, 'midſt their peaceful flocks,
Aſſociates, lov'd and loving, on the ſwerd
At liſtleſs length beneath an aged thorn,
All a ſnow-ſhow'r of bloſſoms, thus reveal'd
Their ſimple loves, unſullied as the ſtream,
That murmurs by; Tray faithful at their feet,
With Harefoot too, and, e'en her griefs aſſuag'd,
The Willow all-unweeping o'er the brook.

THENOT.

Yes, yes, the ſweets, which flow in ev'ry gale
From richneſs of theſe flow'r-vermilion'd meads,
And ſurface of this gold-beſpangled ſtream,
And yonder ſetting ſun in purple clouds,
Again delight; for Sylviet bids me live,
Whom, innocent as this my witleſs lamb,
And breathing all of fragrance on my ſoul,
I deem more lovely than the roſebud's bloom,
Sham'd into bluſhes on her beating breaſt.

STRE-

STREPHON.

Say, Thenot, ſwept I not the rolling ball
From ev'ry youthful ſwain, while Lucy ſmil'd?
But when, alas, upon the level green
To grace the lively dance I led her forth,
And turn'd the baſhful ſhepherdeſs around
To ſnatch a kiſs, ſhe chid me with a frown.
Lobbin, coarſe lubbard, grinn'd malignant joy,
In mock'ry grinn'd; nor would theſe limbs obey
The deep, hoarſe diſcord of his jarring pipe.

THENOT.

Believe it, my lov'd Strephon, not the breath
Of dewy honeyſuckles, nor the ſweets
Of new-born primroſe, nor the ſpicy gales,
Which op'ning bloſſoms breathe, ſuch fragrance yield,
As melting ſoftneſs of my Sylviet's lip.

STREPHON.

Alas the luckleſs day! As forth I ſtray'd,
An hare, all white with years, my pathway croſs'd.

THENOT.

Some witch beſure in that ill-omen'd form.

STREPHON.

At All-ſaints' eve, when elves their revels hold
By wildy-winding brook, thro' haunted tow'rs,
And moſſy forts, where all at large reclin'd
Beneath a wither'd fern his poliſh'd pipe
The love-lorn fairy tunes—In that dread night,
Ere goblins to the gloomy grave retire
To people the pale regions of the dead,
Smooth on the level hearth I ſtrew'd the heap
Of glowing embers—Mark me, youthful ſwain,
When morn aroſe, a footſtep tow'rd the door
Thrill'd me with horror, ſure portent of death!
And now I die by Lucy's cold diſdain.

THENOT.

Believing ſhepherd! was thy ſnow-white veſt
Turn'd by the ſtalking phantoms of the night?

Did

Did not thy conſtant nuts together burn,
Pledge of thy joys in Lucy's love unchang'd?

STREPHON.

True; when the tawny propheteſs beheld
This callous palm, and trac'd the mazy lines,
She ſhook her penſive head; fear chill'd my blood:
She paus'd, and look'd; ſhe paus'd, and look'd again,
'Till her reward, by timely ſtealth convey'd,
Each furrow ſmooth'd upon her jaundic'd brows.
Then did ſhe ſmile, and whiſper in mine ear
My fickle Lucy would at length be kind.

THENOT.

To-morrow, when the friſking heifers ſeek
The chryſtal-flowing ſtream, and Chanticleer,
Amidſt his feather'd wives, at hour of noon
At length gives grateful ſignal of repaſt,
My gentle Sylviet, bright as beams of morn,
And ſweet as breathing violets, beneath
The bluſhing roſe-roof'd bow'r receives my vows.
Already, where the curling ſmoke aſpires,

Around her hamlet throng harmonious bards,
Crown'd with freſh chaplets of immortal bays,
And ſummer's new-born flow'rs to tune the lyre;
With dance and ſong reſounds the ſmiling vale.
There ſhall thy Lucy grace our nuptial joys.
Haply with awful words the hallow'd fire
May give the lovely virgin to thine arms.
That gentle lamb, which heedleſs ſports along
The flow'ry margin of the glaſſy ſtream,
Shall thy relenting ſhepherdeſs reward.

STREPHON.

And yonder pregnant mother of the herd,
Whoſe teeming udder fills the copious pail,
Shall henceforth low before thine humble gate.

THENOT.

Hark, how amidſt yon green imbow'ring trees
The ſaffron-billed blackbird, lightly perch'd
High on a lonely ſpray, melodious charms
To deepeſt ſilence all the liſtning plains,
Which wave with yellow light; yet not his ſong

Of

Of ſweeteſt wildneſs, nor diſſolving notes
Of love-ſick cuckoo, nor the breeze, that breathes
Thro' ſighing reeds along the lonely ſhore,
Nor melting murmurs of a warbling brook,
Held ſhepherd's ear with joy, as Sylviet's voice
Steals on the ſilence of the wondring winds,
When, like the tuneful nightingale, at ev'n
With ſnowy hand reclining on her crook,
Amidſt the gazing flocks, with bliſsful lay
The rapture-trembling echo ſhe inſpires.

STREPHON.

Our lambkins, hear, with tender, plaintive cries
Of innocence, the milky teat require.
Haſte, Harefoot, haſte, and with thy barking warn,
Where'er thou find'ſt a wand'rer of the flock;
Thou, Thenot, range amidſt the virgin blooms
Of crimſon wildroſe, and the flowing ſweets
Of honey-drooping woodbine there along
Delicious verdure of the winding woods.
Here by the river's ſmooth, tranſparent maze,
Where fairies deftly trip, I gather all

My bleating ewes; beneath the ſhade we meet
Of yonder lofty oak, thence homeward tend,
And pipe our rural ſong. Hence, ſhepherd, hence;
For ſee, where fainter bluſh the weſtern ſkies,
Already the fair ſtar of dewy ev'n
Pours living luſtre from his beauteous lamp,
To chear the ſilent-falling ſhades of night.
While from yon clouded eaſt the ſolemn moon,
Slow-riſing, ſtreams along the ſilver-trembling ſea.

END OF THE FIRST PASTORAL ESSAY.

PASTORAL ESSAY II.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, EARL OF CHATHAM.

BENEATH a cavern'd rock, whoſe hideous brows
Frown indignation on the roaring tide,
Two ſhepherds, gentleſt of the ſylvan train,
Ere yet they tell their mutual cares, behold
The wonders of the ſoul-amazing main,
From a proud promontory's glorious head;
Whence Terror oft, 'midſt night of ſtorms enthron'd,
Darkning the deep, on wings of harneſs'd winds
Rides the reſounding waves; or from a cliff

Leans

Leans bellowing o'er the fire-convolving war
Of billows, breaking on the foamy ſhore.

Loud tho' majeſtic Nature pours from all
The vaſt-extended regions of the globe
Her fame-ennobled rivers to the deep,
Deigns not unbounded Ocean to adopt
The tributary fountain's humble rill,
That peaceful glides along the lowly vale?
Shall CHATHAM too not ſcorn this dew-drop, ſhed
Amid the mighty torrents of renown,
Which from earth's wide-reſounding nations roll
To ſwell his tide of glory? Shall the bold
PATRIOT, whoſe thunder ſhook ſurrounding worlds,
Deſcend to dignify the rural ſhade,
And deign his heav'n-effulging virtues veil?
Like ſome propitious cherub, who, from height
Of glory ſped, enſhrouds the ſolar blaze
Of his ſky-radiant robes in homely guiſe,
To chear congenial Innocence, eſcap'd
From cities to the ſhepherd's tranquil bow'r.
Struck with religious awe mine humble roof,

Trembling,

Trembling, adores her great, her godlike gueſt,
The tow'ring Atlas of a falling world;
At echoes of whoſe loud immortal fame,
Ee'n great ELIZA, 'midſt her bright compeers,
Her ſtar-encirled forehead bends from heav'n
In wonder to behold her orient beams,
Loſt in meridian glories of his ſoul.
How mean an off'ring then this artleſs verſe,
Which ſings the youthful ſwains, hight Launcelot
And Valentine, who in the green receſs
Of ivy-woven grotto thus unfold
Each ſimple purpoſe of th' ingenuous heart!
While Rainbow, guardian of the threſhold, ſits,
And upward looks with wonder to behold
On forehead of the ſteep an aged goat,
Bearded, like Time; yet gameſome as a kid
Stand upright, and with horned head oblique,
And eye laſcivious, gambol, as in yore,
When pleaſure wanton'd in his youthful veins.

VALENTINE.

Say, Launcelot, why thus thy youthful cheek
Fades, like the drooping lily's languid hue?

Have envious elves with pebbles ſmote thine herd?
Hath wily fox, unmov'd by piteous cries,
Torn a fair lambkin from his wailing dam?
Have thy kids fall'n from yonder bending rocks?
Or, haply, thou haſt ſeen a ſheeted ghoſt
Riſe from his dreary manſion of the tomb?

LAUNCELOT.

Late in the brooding ſilence of the night,
Soon as mine humble cottage I approach'd,
And the bright taper glimmer'd on mine eyes,
All wan and breathleſs to the ground I fell.
The trembling matrons ſprinkled on my brows
Reviving waters of the limpid ſpring,
And ſpread beneath my feet the ruſhes green.
For oh! ſuch ſtrange, ſuch hideous forms appear'd
Unto theſe eyes, as thou in winter-ev'n
Haſt never heard beſide the jocund fire;
Tho' oft as ſhepherds vow they have beheld
The diſcontented goblin, dark as night,
Stalk, like a giant, o'er the foaming waves,
Which now tumultuous from this mountain's head
We ſee afar break o'er the whit'ning ſhelves.

VALENTINE.

So may I live to hail the riſing year,
So gentle Marian crown my ſmiling joys,
So teem my flocks with young in happy hour,
As now thy tale with wonder fills mine ear.

LAUNCELOT.

Hear, Valentine. By wayward fancy led,
Forth by yon river's flow'r-embroider'd brink
I wander'd to behold the boundleſs ſea:
What time the moon, in all her glory ris'n,
Streaming thro' amber clouds with ſnowy light,
Gilds the ſmooth, azure deep, enrich'd, like heav'n,
With vivid luſtre of reflected ſtars.
From new-mown meadows what delicious gales
Whiſper the willows of the winding ſtream,
Bright on whoſe boſom dance the trembling rays!
While daſh'd in thunder down the rocks remote
Tumbles th'indignant torrent thro' the woods,
And deep along the hoarſe-reſounding vales
Swells with his roar the ſolemn-murm'ring winds.

VALENTINE.

Say, from that caſtle, which acroſs the ſtream
Blackens with broad-projected night of ſhade,
And leans, the hoary monument of Time,
'Midſt awful gloom of venerable trees,
Did goblin, on a fiery whirlwind borne,
Acroſs thee ſhoot, and blaſt thee in thy courſe?

LAUNCELOT.

Thus all in grandeur of her glory ſhone
Heav'n's cloudleſs canopy, and from the moon,
How peerleſs 'midſt unnumber'd ſtars enthron'd!
Rivers of light thro' yonder broken cliffs
Wav'd o'er the dewy verdure of the vales.
In ecſtaſy of wonder, to behold
The majeſty of Nature from the top
Of yonder lofty cape, whence wide I view'd
The heav'n-ſmooth ocean, on my crook I lean'd.
How blue the ſtar-beſpangled arch of heav'n!
How awful the majeſtic mountains wild
With rocks and woods in ſolemn ſilence lean

O'er

O'er wide-illumin'd boſom of the deeps,
And, far as eye beholds, all ſilver'd o'er
With ſidelong-ſtreaming glories of the moon,
Swell into boundleſs proſpect, as they ſweep
In bold magnificence along the ſhore.
But, as if bearded witch had rode thro' air
Upon her wand, to winged palfrey chang'd,
Which bears her hated carcaſe on the winds,
Nipt was my vernal bloom of guiltleſs joy.
For ſudden darkneſs overcaſt the ſkies;
Loud from the foreſt-waving mountains howl'd,
Sullen and hoarſe, the deep-deforming winds.
The fatal raven, from his ſlumbers ſcar'd,
Croaking, outſpread his ſounding pinions broad,
As when he follows thro' the blaſted air
The ſtrides of ghaſtly Death unto the couch,
Where pining Sickneſs, pale with languor, lies.
The night-owls ſcreech'd, and all in flames appear'd
The haunted tow'r, whoſe ivy-crowned brows
In ſorrow o'er the heap of ruins bend.
Soon did mine heart forebode ſome age-worn witch,
Or angry fairies, or ſhrill-ſhrieking ghoſt,

Or evil ſpirit wander'd now abroad,
And, with frowns darkning the fair face of things,
Had rouz'd the gloomy winds, as at th'approach
Of him, who ſweeps away in ſtorms of fire,
From graſp of ſtruggling Death, the guilt-torn Soul,
Which, hal'd along by black and ugly fiends,
Screams loud with horror thro' the howling air.

VALENTINE.

Thy words with terror rive my beating heart.

LAUNCELOT.

Suppliant upon the ground in pray'r I fell;
When in my pathway burn'd a glimm'ring fire.
Swift as the winds I flew; the wand'ring torch
Preceding, thro' the quagmires drear I dragg'd
My lab'ring limbs; till, oh! mine evil ſtar
Led me, in hapleſs hour, along the tombs
Of yonder abbey, whoſe majeſtic oaks,
Like melancholy mourners of the dead,
Weep o'er the mould'ring pile; as Time himſelf
(Such truths our heav'n-taught paſtor hath reveal'd)

Adown

Adown his venerable-flowing beard
Sheds the laſt drops o'er Nature's fun'ral pomp,
When mountains fall, and ocean is no more.

VALENTINE.

Preſerve us, gracious Heav'n! henceforth beyond
The threſhold of his cottage ſtrays no more
Thy Valentine in darkneſs of the night.

LAUNCELOT.

Methought, as with my ſounding footſteps ſhook
The rotten church-yard, from each yawning grave
Pale, deadly pale, the trooping ſpectres roſe,
And pierc'd my ſoul with ſhrieks; before amaze
And horror in my rolling eye-balls glar'd.
With cries of murder groan'd the ſobbing air,
With clank of chains, and yell of tortur'd ghoſts,
Suff'ring the vengeance of eternal fire,*
Broke from the rolling ground a ſudden flame,
And, like the hideous ſtar with blazing tail,

* See the Epiſtle of St. Jude.

Trail'd

Trail'd broad, blue light along. The diſmal howl
Of dogs, as when they bay the paly moon,
Smote at mine heart, like death's laſt mournful knell,
That opes the ſhepherd's grave. Nay, village-cocks,
Whoſe ſhrill alarms at midnight, to the jaws
Of his cold manſion in ſome lonely tomb,
Scare the poor wand'ring ſpirit, warn'd my ſoul
Of ſome approaching ill, while icy fear
Seiz'd deep the freezing current of my blood.

VALENTINE.

And liv'ſt thou to behold this noontide ſun?

LAUNCELOT.

While, like the weeping marble, which deplores
The dead, in everlaſting darkneſs ſtretch'd,
Beneath a nodding arch I ſtood aghaſt,
Harrow'd by fears, which thrill'd thro' ev'ry vein,
A roaring whirlwind the rough turrets rock'd,
And larger drops ſtream'd cold along my limbs;
When ſlowly-ſtalking, like pale-viſag'd Death,
Solemn and ſad along the dreary iſles

Mov'd

Mov'd a tall ghoſt in majeſty of woe.
He ſtopp'd—he turn'd, and to his ſhrouded train,
Ariſing into dignity ſublime,
Wav'd awful ſignal to abide aloof.

VALENTINE.

Some angel ſhield us with his ſtarry wings!

LAUNCELOT.

Mantled with wooff of night he did approach.
Sunk were his languid eyes, each hollow cheek,
Like waſted Famine, wan; his chatt'ring teeth,
Beyond each trembling lip projected, hung,
Or looſe, or broken in his ſapleſs gums.
A wand he bore, and, ſick'ning on his brows,
Like Nature, gaſping on the verge of life,
Lean'd dark Deſpair. The beating of mine heart
With earthquake ſhook my frame; alive mine hairs
Briſtling aroſe, and, thunderſtruck, like Guilt,
All-trembling, pale, a ghaſtlier ghoſt I ſtood.
But ſoon as he approach'd me, like a tow'r,
Sudden his ſtature roſe, and at the ſight,
Wither'd, like Horror, to the ground I fell.

VALENTINE.

Hence—Let us pen beneath this vaulted rock
Our bearded goats; for ſee the billows foam
Before the black'ning horrors of the ſtorm.
Haſte, haſte, ere thunder ſhake the guilty world,
For the blue lightnings, look! with angry glare
Blaze thro' the fleeced darkneſs of the clouds.

END OF THE SECOND PASTORAL ESSAY.

PASTORAL ESSAY III.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD THURLOW.

ALONE to heav'n-born Merit, or retir'd
To ſylvan ſhades, or beaming from a throne,
For ever ſacred be the Muſe's ſong.
Shall then Britannia's Ariſtides ſpurn
This wreath, which, tho' 'midſt wilds of Nature cull'd,
Aſtrea for her virtuous THURLOW weaves?
Her uncorrupted THURLOW! from the full
Unclouded glories of whoſe patriot ſoul,
Hither to this obſcure retreat of ſlaves,
Dart ſolar beams, and kindle in my breaſt

Immortal Liberty's congenial fires.
Hence, hence, the vile contagion of the herd!
Hence, ye prophane!—Thy country's guardian, hail!
Angel of freedom, at thy potent touch
Fall not the chains of bondage from mine hands?
By thee thro' gloomy depths of durance led,
Burſt I not into day to quaff at large
Immortal bliſs in each ſalubrious gale
Of liberty; whoſe vivifying ſweets,
Laviſh of joy, ev'n o'er theſe wintry vales,
Whoſe want-worn peaſants wound mine aching ſenſe,
Such roſeate beauty breathe, as genial heav'n
Wide o'er the land of liberty awakes,
Britannia, with Heſperian verdure crown'd?
Bright liberty, that yet ſhall blaze abroad
O'er Ireland too, like ſummer-laughing heav'n,
And be the beacon of adoring worlds!
Yes, nor on faction's angry torrent borne,
Nor by accurs'd idolatry prophan'd
Of Fortune, Baal of a venal world,
With purpoſe uncontaminate the Muſe
Mingles amid a nation's peal of praiſe
This ſimple tribute of her rural ſong.

VALENTINE.

How bright the golden glories of the ſun
Stream from the broad-impurpled clouds of ev'n
O'er ſurface of the ſmooth, tranſparent main,
Which waves with light, like heav'n's unbounded field,
When ſummer burſts from all the blazing ſkies!
How pleaſing, in th' unwrinkled cryſtal flood,
From this majeſtic mountain, to behold
Yon headlong precipice, theſe wond'ring woods,
And flocks of ſnowy fleece, and climbing goats,
And ſwelling harveſts rip'ning into gold,
Mingle, inverted, in the downward ſky!
What gale of ſweets theſe cluſt'ring woodbines breathe,
Which, knit in nuptial union with the roſe,
'Midſt lofty ſycamore's broad verdure weave
Our blooming bow'r, and laviſh all around
Their incenſe on the bliſs-inſpiring breeze!
The ſturdy oaks, whoſe venerable ſhades
Frown o'er the flood from yonder lofty cliffs,
When dews impearl the crimſon-mantled Morn,
Backwards their lengthning ſhadows caſt afar,

And brighten into gladneſs. See, enrich'd
By yellow-waving luſtre of the ſun,
The mountains laugh with joy, tho' yeſter-noon
They ſhook with horror, when the roaring winds
Daſh'd the reſounding ſhore with war of waves;
While hoarſe thro' heav'n the tumbling thunder roll'd,
And lightnings kindled all the gloomy deep.
Why then thy youthful viſage ſickli'd o'er,
Like meagre Melancholy in a ſhroud,
When all around reviving Nature ſmiles?

LAUNCELOT.

O Valentine, no more the ſhepherd's pipe,
No more the lark, ſweet herald of the morn,
That wakes the warbling woodlands into praiſe;
No more the mingled melody of hounds,
Whoſe deep-mouth'd muſic, trembling on their tongues,
Swells in a glorious peal along the winds,
Shall chaſe life's ſullen vapours from my mind.
No more the murmur of the toiling waves,
Nor whiſp'ring willows, which along the ſhore,
When woo'd by ſighing of the love-ſick breeze,

Tremble

Tremble with virgin fears; nor diſtant ſound
Of waters, daſhing down a roaring rock;
Nor bubbling of a brook; nor hoarſer bees,
Which ſweep along the blooming wild of flow'rs,
Shall lull my golden ſlumbers, as they wont,
When ſtretch'd at eaſe I preſs'd the moſs-ſwoln couch,
Amid the waſte of fragrance, or beneath
The dark-green ſhade of broad-embow'ring limes,
Or by clear fountain's flow'r-embroider'd ſide.
Again the dreadful Apparition walk'd,
And deep with terror ſhook my ſhrieking ſoul.

VALENTINE.

Again? Some harden'd miſer's ghoſt beſure,
That ſtalks his nightly rounds 'midſt hoary heap
Of ruins to behold his buri'd hoard,
And ſcares the ſullen raven from his reſt.
Or his, the cruel guardian, whoſe fell heart,
By cries of weeping Innocence unmov'd,
Agape with drought of avarice, expos'd,
A prey to Famine in the howling woods,
A dying brother's pledge, his tender babes:

Smit with whoſe angel-beauties, in the ſleep
Of peaceful death, the pious Redbreaſts ſtrew'd
With flow'rs and verdant leaves each lamb-like corſe,
As in the cold embrace with ſnowy arms
Breathleſs the little younglings lay entwin'd.
Or haply wanders thus the guilty ghoſt
Of ſome adulterer, who wont in life
Stray from lewd city's poiſon-ſteaming haunts
To prowl thro' trembling villages for prey,
And, like a demon, fierce from darkneſs broke,
Blaſted the lowly cottage, where in peace
Connubial Bliſs with Innocence from heav'n
Once held ſweet dalliance in the ſhepherd's breaſt:
For when dread crimes in this our breathing hour,
As ſabbath-truths unfold, ſtrike broad and deep
Th' infection thro' the dark diſcolour'd ſoul,
For ever with the ſame unhallow'd fires
Th' immortal ſpirit burns. Hence church-yards yawn,
And empty into night their peopled graves
With life's affections, rooted ev'n in death.
Accoſted thee the Spectre? Or in peace,
Or anger ſeem'd he? Hath he aught reveal'd?
Where, when, my Launcelot, did he appear?

LAUNCELOT.

When not a chirping cricket from the hearth
Woke the ſtill hour of ſleep; what-time the moon,
As at the world's great period, her fair lamp
Shrouded in midnight horrors; whilſt around
All under heav'n, in ſtarleſs terror loſt,
Buri'd beneath the waſte of darkneſs, lay,
And deeper, death-like, awful ſilence huſh'd
Ev'n winds and waves to reſt—In that dread hour,
Shook by the quaking of my groaning couch,
I ſtarted, trembled, glar'd, aſtoniſh'd ſaw,
By paly glimmer of the mould'ring fire,
The ghoſt all-gloomy ſtalk before mine eyes.
Froz'n at the ſight, a clay-cold corſe I ſat,
Stiff'ning with horror. Black the Phantom ſtood,
Dreadful as Death, and ſilent as the grave;
Then from the deep-ſurrounding darkneſs thruſt
An arm's dread ſemblance, lengthning, as I look'd,
As when th' archangel forth from clouds of heav'n
Shall hold th' all-waking trumpet to alarm
The dead, as if by peal of thunder rouz'd.

He beckon'd me to parley; on my couch
I ſunk, and in a ſudden ſtorm aloud
He vaniſh'd thro' the ſhrieking ſhades of night.

VALENTINE.

Ceaſe, ſhepherd, to rehearſe, 'till morrow's dawn,
Thy tale of wonder: for our fellow-ſwains
On level of the pearl-pav'd beach prepare,
Now at the cuſtom'd hour, to wind their way
In life-refreſhing luxury along
The heav'n-ſmooth mirrour of the yielding flood.
Let us aſſociate with the jocund train,
And, bath'd in bliſs, the ſummer's ſultry heats
Temper in cooly cryſtal of the ſea.

END OF THE THIRD PASTORAL ESSAY.

PASTORAL ESSAY IV.

To their GRACES the

Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

SMIT with the grandeur of the gorgeous ſun,
The ſhepherd-train, as forth they drive to feed
Their nibbling flocks amid freſh dews and flow'rs,
Rooted in wonder on their crooks recline,
From ſummit of the mountains to behold
The ſummer-flaming orb majeſtic riſe,
Broad from beyond the ſea's heav'n-bounded ſurge,
And burn along the gold-vermilion'd main,
In Nature's whole magnificence diſplay'd,
Glorious and vaſt as all-ſurrounding heav'n.

Nor

Nor azure vapours reſt o'er fountain's brim,
Nor ample-winding river, nor on tops
Of higheſt mountains, tho' they rear to heav'n
Their waving woods; but, ſailing ſlow along
The ſea of air, diſſolve, and open all
Nature's unbounded theatre to view.
Woke by the winds, that fan the breezy morn,
The broad, ſmooth-ſwelling ſurges glow with gold
Throughout the whole horizon, and reflect
A waving brightneſs of unnumber'd ſuns.
Then, while the mountain-tops, and verdant vales
Whiten with fleeces of the ſpreading flocks,
That daſh the pearly dews; and ev'ry ſwain,
By Nature's ſecret harmony inſpir'd,
Or moves in uncouth meaſures with the fair,
Freſh on whoſe cheek health's ruddy beauties bloom,
Or mingles ſong with warbling of the woods,
Which ſwell the raptur'd ſymphony of praiſe,
Or wakes ſweet Echo with his rural pipe:
Retire the youthful ſhepherds, Launcelot
And Valentine, to wear the ſocial hour
Beneath a lofty, broad-imbow'ring oak,

Deep from whoſe twiſted roots perennial ſprings
A copious fountain, and in many a maze
Hoarſe-murm'ring down the mountain's mighty ſide
Trembles pellucid to the morning ray
Thro' ever-living verdure of the lawn.

If, unbewilder'd by the meaner glare
Of Fortune's earth-born meteor, which miſleads
Flatt'ry's baſe herd, an honeſt Muſe with bold
Ambition of the tow'ring eagle ſoars
To wheel at large amid the blazing noon
Of cloudleſs virtues, which unbounded flame
From Percy's and his Consort's ſouls ſublime,
Will they the ſhepherd's rural tribute deign
Ennoble with acceptance? Will they bend,
Like Condeſcenſion leaning from a throne,
To numbers, humble as e'er Echo heard
Inſpire the paſt'ral reed? Yet Merit pleads
This bold emprize to ſpurn the Gothic yoke
Of Rhyme, rude demon; which, when Papal night
Eclips'd the ſun-bright radiance of the ſoul,
Ruthleſs untun'd each weeping Muſe's lyre,

And ſunk ev'n godlike Britons into ſlaves;
Tho' Nature ſu'd, and Harmony in chains
The ſnowy beauties of her boſom ſtain'd
With copious ſhow'r of pearly-trickling tears.
Yes, Liberty, great Nature's charter thou,
Gild this late ev'n of time, as erſt thy ſmile
Benignant beam'd o'er Greek and Roman climes
Thine orient ſplendours, ere the glorious ſun
Of ſcience his refulgent forehead plung'd
Deep into Chaos of Barbaric glooms,
Which, like autumnal exhalations, roſe
From cloiſters, where Lethean Dulneſs ſlept
Thro' ages, ſcarce into a yawn awak'd;
'Till truth-enlighten'd Britain, from the cloud
Emerging, heav'n's triumphant beacon flam'd
Thro' polar darkneſs of ſurrounding worlds,
And from her ſhores, fair Freedom's ſacred pale,
Scar'd Superſtition with her motly crew
Vaniſh'd, like ſpectres from the rays of morn.
But hark, the Rural Genius to his bow'r
Recalls the devious footſteps of the Muſe,
Who thus, howe'er by bold ambition fir'd

To

To graſp the loud, war-kindling clarion, deigns
To tune awhile the ſhepherd's humble reed.

VALENTINE.

Why in th' all-pow'rful name of holy heav'n,
When firſt to thee appear'd the grizzly ghoſt,
Did'ſt thou not queſtion him, my Launcelot?
Aught did he in the dreary abbey ſpeak?
Or wert thou in his anger dragg'd along
The whiten'd heap of bones and chapleſs ſculls,
As ſhepherds oft beneath the blaſted oak
By the fell, bloody-finger'd goblin, wont
From pile of ſtones to riſe, beneath whoſe weight,
Vile as a dog, the murderer was caſt
In mould unhallow'd on the public way?

LAUNCELOT.

When in the lonely abbey I beheld
The death-pale ſpectre, ſhield us, gracious heav'n!
In grief he ſeem'd, and o'er his ghaſtly cheek
Glanc'd the big drops, as April clouds diſſolve
In ſilent-flowing tears. At length he ſpoke—

What

What wond'rous words! Scarce half could I diſcern
His awful form, and ample-waving ſhroud
Swoln in the winds; tho' ſudden thro' a breach
Glimmer'd the moon's pale glimpſe upon his brows.

VALENTINE.

Shapes, ſtrange to Nature, oft have I beheld.
In haunted caſtle, ere a ſhepherd die,
Ghoſts have I ſeen with blazing torches run
Thro' all the dreary dwelling to prepare
Their dreadful ſeſſion; ſoon as from his tow'r
The raven, hollow-croaking herald, wakes
Night's ſullen-ſilent horrors to announce
Th' approach of Death—now o'er the groaning graves
From yawning ruins ſtalking forth, in full
And ſolemn council of the dead to doom
The pale-ey'd victim to his kindred duſt:
Ere ghoſts with blood-congealing cries around
Th' earth-quaking hamlet thro' the blaſted air
Scream to the midnight moon amid the yell
Of weeping winds; while yet with mutual claim
And menace high in doubtful war within

Nature

Nature and Death contend. But well I ween,
Nought ever have I heard, ſave ſhrieks, which pierc'd
My trembling ſoul, and would have woke the dead.
With what amaze then would mine eager ear
Hear language of that foreign world, the grave!

LAUNCELOT.

Tho' horror creeps o'er all my freezing form,
To thee will I unfold what ever ſhall
In records of my memory remain;
Tho' faintly o'er my dark, untutor'd mind
Glimmer'd the purpoſe of ſuch lore ſublime.
The hallow'd ſeer alone, whoſe ſoul is all,
Tho' penury his lot, heav'n's richer mine
Of knowledge, as of virtue, will diſpell
Blind error's miſt from my benighted mind.
Thus then the ſpirit, while upon the ground
Outſtretch'd I lay, with voice majeſtic ſpoke,
While the bleak winds in deep attention heard.
' Here in the durance of theſe doleful glooms
' Six hundred years, ſince firſt Britannia roſe
' With doubtful day of freedom o'er the land——

'Freedom, which ſoon ſhall ſweep theſe fogs away,
'And, blazing into equal noon around
'Heav'n-foſter'd Ireland, ſwell the golden years!——
'Here with the dead I dwell, ill-fated ghoſt,
'Permitted ne'er to view, when Nature hails
'Light's orient ray, the gold-impurpled Morn,
'Nor breathe her fragrant, life-inſpiring breeze.
'Here once, when Ev'n her ſolemn twilight ſhed
'Along this ample, awful-dark'ning dome,
'With rapture at the pealing anthem ſhook
'Theſe deep-reſounding tow'rs. And now, when truth
'Breaks with meridian radiance thro' the night
'Of ſuperſtition o'er the illumin'd iſle,
'How long ſhall heav'n's own holier ſeraph weep,
'Religion? Ah! how long ſhall anguiſh beat
'In ev'ry bleeding fibre of her ſoul?
'How long, alas, alas, ſhall ſhe deplore
'Her ſanctuaries, the haunt of birds obſcene,
'Which, hoarſe and hollow, croak death's diſmal knell,
'And ſweep with ſound of ample-waving wings
'Along the graſs-grown deſert of the tombs?
'When, when ſhall mandate of her mitred ſires

'Reanimate

'Reanimate theſe ruins into form,
'Like Man, in perfect renovation rouz'd
'By heav'n's all-waking trumpet from the grave,
'And thus, while all the hallow'd iſle around
'With Alleluia fills the joy-reſounding ſkies,
'With copious dew of bleſſings fertilize
'This happier Canaan of propitious heav'n?
'Happier, for o'er the louring lazy fog
'Of ages Britain, glorious as the ſun,
'Shall riſe to bleſs her blooming ſiſter; riſe
'Triumphant o'er the world, when from the top
'Of mountains Wonder, blazing into joy,
'Beholds the broad ſtupendous BRIDGE OF GOLD,
'Heav'n's thoroughfare, beſtride the trading-flood.
'Here oft in midnight's ſolemn-ſilent reign,
'Beneath unclouded glories of the moon,
'Fancy, the youthful cherub, have I ken'd
'Hang o'er the margin of th' unbounded deeps
'From yonder mountain's heav'n-aſpiring head,
'How rich-enrob'd in ſnowy radiance ſhone
'The ſtar-crown'd angel's form! How thick inlaid
'With living ſaphirs, like the gems of night,

'Her

' Her diadem, a ſilver creſcent, beam'd!
' How graceful bending from her azure throne
' In act to ſweep the big-impaſſion'd lyre!
' Which, fir'd by inſpiration at her touch,
' And trembling all with ecſtaſy, at once
' Attun'd to peace the tumult of my ſoul.
' Like ſymphonies of heav'n, which oft have bleſs'd
' Mine ear deep-raptur'd, as intranc'd I lay
' In green-roof'd bow'r, or gloomy grotto ſtretch'd
' By cryſtal ſpring, or river's murm'ring maze!
' How ſweet Heav'n harmoniz'd her peerleſs voice,
' Which warbled wild ſuch bliſs-inſpiring ſtrains,
' Attemp'ring mild the loud, majeſtic lyre,
' That Ocean, thro' the whole horizon ſwell'd
' With heav'n's reflected glories, as when all
' The gorgeous gold of Morn, in wonder ſmooth'd
' His laughing world of waters, and beneath
' An aged oak night's hoary Genius lean'd,
' Liſtning the tuneful virgin's lofty hymn
' To the great SPIRIT of Nature! At her lore,
' Ungnaw'd by care, and innocent of wealth,
' Flam'd high my youthful heart, enrich'd with bliſs,

' Fair

'Fair meed of virtue; and this wither'd hand,
'Trembling and pale, which Death oft deems his own,
'Woke to immortal themes the ſacred lyre.
'Till cruſh'd by tyrants, whom mine honeſt ſoul
'To hymn with adulation vile diſdain'd,
'Oblivion wrap'd me in her ſable ſhroud,
'Deep in pale Penury's untrodden vale,
'And the cold ling'ring hand of Languor clos'd
'Theſe eyes, unchear'd by Fortune's golden ray.
'But better, chains, and poverty, and death,
'Nay ev'n contempt, than ſpoils by truth unearn'd.
'Warn'd by mine adverſe ſtar to wiſdom wake.
'Hence, youthful ſhepherd, with thy ſlender pipe;
'Hence from yon groupe of tyrants and of ſlaves,
'Ungenial to the Muſe, fly, ſwiftly fly,
'While yet around thee ſmiles life's vernal morn.
'Hence, if thy free-born ſoul with glories burn
'Of blooming Albion, to th' immortal land
'Of liberty, which bore thine happier ſires.
'There high-thron'd Magnanimity unfolds
'Her temple's mighty portals in the breaſt
'Of godlike PERCY; there at large o'er all
'Th' unclouded heav'n of his majeſtic ſoul

'Munificence in noontide glory burſts,
'Like ſummer, blazing from Equator ſuns!
'There haply from his heav'n-illumin'd eye
'May beam Benignity's propitious rays
'O'er the pale winter of thy fading youth,
'And brighten life around thee into day.
'Yes there, by ev'ry regal virtue grac'd
'Of fam'd Northumberland's heroic chiefs,
'Who, frowning, ſhook each tyrant's pillar'd throne,
'Or who, in milder majeſty retir'd
'Of ſocial life, beam'd happineſs around,
'The FAIR, whoſe heav'n-ennobled heart beats high
'With native glories of her race renown'd,
'Shall raiſe with pious hand the drooping flow'r
'To bluſh with beauty to the genial ſun.

'When heav'n lours horror on the wintry woof
'Of night, and not a ſtar the ſhepherd guides,
'Pavilion'd deep in darkneſs in mid air
''Midſt ſtorms and clouds, our ſolemn-ſable throne,
'Hold we our annual congreſs of the dead.
'How at the terrors of our potent call
'Trembles the globe, and pours her millions forth

'From all the pale dominions of the grave,
'Deſert, and ſea, and ev'ry teeming tomb!
'Caitiff, who, at our dread beheſt unaw'd,
'Withholds allegiance, howls in penal fire.
'Ceaſe at our bidding the wild winds to roar,
'And thro' the univerſal hoſt of death,
'Huſh'd into ſilent horror, we forbid
'Spirit of air, of earth, of water, fire,
'To haunt the hallow'd manſion of the FAIR;
'And oft as we ſome angel's radiant form
'Far off eſpy along the glooms of night
'Trailing a length of glory, as he glides,
'Like the moon ſtreaming thro' autumnal clouds;
'Ev'n from the lowly hermitage of Peace,
'Turn we not heav'n's bright native at our word,
'Tho' from the City rank corruption ſteams,
'To ſhield the HEROINE with ſtarry wings,
'To whiſper conſcious peace, and in each dream
'Pour heav'n's congenial glories thro' her ſoul.
'But hark, ere trembling twilight of the morn
'Silvers the grey miſt o'er yon mountain's head,
'The cock's ſhrill clarion warns me.'—At th' alarm
He ſcream'd ſuch ſignal to his train of ghoſts,

Which peopled all the darkneſs, that mine hair,
Like briſtles, roſe, and horror chill'd my veins.
Pour'd thro' the mould'ring altar's ivy'd breach,
Glar'd frightful-ling'ring lightnings all around,
Glimm'ring pale light along the lonely walls,
And ſcar'd the howling ſpectres. With his tribe
Sudden on pinions of heav'n's rapid fire
He vaniſh'd thro' the lofty roof aloud,
And ſhook the gloomy temple: as they paſs'd
The turrets ſhriek'd with terror. From the ground
I ſprung aghaſt, and vaniſh'd into flight;
Tho' ever and anon methought I heard
Sound of purſuing footſteps, and ſuch yell,
As Merlin, ſage in wiſdom, as in years,
Hath told he heard full many a time and oft
At eventide from off the howling main,
When rouz'd by roar of tempeſt's dread approach
Shrill ſpirits ſhriek, as to the wave-waſh'd ſhore,
All black with ſtorms, the foaming billows roll.

VALENTINE.

See, from contagion of the world eſcap'd,
Solemn along the lonely-winding ſhore

Wanders our pious paſtor, as he wont,
With every meek-ey'd Virtue in his train,
To hold high converſe with his native heav'n,
And mount on early Adoration's wing.

LAUNCELOT.

Auguſt the glorious rivals—yonder ſun,
And yonder ſage, all brightning into beams,
Like Virtue on her golden throne in heav'n!

VALENTINE.

Let us deſcend, and, at his hallow'd feet
In filial piety's obeiſance bow'd,
Unfold thy wond'rous ſtory. He alone,
Who in theſe wilds of Nature day by day,
As in the holy temple's dread receſs,
Hath taught us the great SHEPHERD from on high,
Eternity, and radiant worlds of bliſs,
Will thro' the cloud of myſtery obſcure
Pour the clear day of knowledge on our minds,
Copious as burſts along the ſhady vales
From yonder eaſt this golden light of heav'n.

11 7 48

THE END.

VIRTUE.

Wisdom our pious pastor, as he went,
With every meek-eyed Virtue in his train,
To hold high converse with his native heav'n,
And mount on early Adoration's wing,

JUNCTION.

Angel the glorious rivals—Yonder flies
And yonder rage all brightening into beams,
While Virtue on her golden throne in heav'n

VACATION.

Let us defend, and at his hallow'd feet
In filial piety the flame bow'd,
Unfold thy wondrous story, Elo alone,
Who in thick wilds of Nature day by day,
As in the holy temple's dread recess,
Hath taught us this great Sentence from on high,
Divinity, and radiant words of bliss,
With thro' the cloud of mystery obscure
Pour the clear day of knowledge on our minds,
Copious as lamps that light the lonely vales
When yonder sun this golden light of heav'n,

THE END.